

THE LINCOLN PLOT.

Arnold Tells More of Jail Life at Dry Tortugas.

YELLOW FEVER RAVAGES THERE.

Prisoners Nursed Their Captors—Dr. Mudd in Charge.

The Sick Carried Away in Boats With the Corpses to Hold Their Bodies When They Succumbed—Crucifixes Forged in the General Alarm—Then, With a Change of Captors, Came Renewed Suffering—Col. Grenfell Escaped With a Deserving Soldier—Visit of a Notary Seeking to Implicate President Johnson in the Abduction.

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CHAPTER XII.

In the brief space of a month after the killing of Winters our small island and its closure were visited by yellow fever. It made fearful havoc among the limited number stationed there, sweeping nearly every officer at the post away. It struck from earth our best officers and permitted the heartless ones to recover, to repeat again, I suppose, more of their cruelties upon humanity under their command. The ways of Providence are mysterious, and no doubt it was done for some good and wise purpose.

Among the first to succumb to the dread disease was Major J. M. Smith, Surgeon in Charge. Dr. Mudd, on his arrival at the post, which was but a few months before, corrected in various instances the abuse and reigning terrors which abounded there.

He was, indeed, a man of humanity and kindness, a gentleman by birth and culture—the soldiers' and prisoners' friend and protector, and his memory lives in the mind and the heart of all by whom he was then surrounded as all that was good, pure, upright and noble.

He worked with untiring zeal while the fever raged, until the fatal malady struck him down upon the day of sickness, where he lingered but three days and died. He received every attention from Dr. Mudd, who, at that period, had charge.

Mrs. Smith was lying in an adjacent room, sick with the fever. Dr. Mudd paid her every attention, endeavoring to save her life. His efforts were crowned with success and she recovered from the disease. During the period of the sickness of Dr. Smith and family there was neither an officer nor an officer's wife that came near them to administer to their wants, their cases devolving upon the care of Dr. Mudd, and faithfully did he perform all that lay within his power.

In a short time the fever proved epidemic, and men could be seen falling down in every section of the fort, as the dread malady seized them. When in former times officers were parading about devising plans where-with to torture the soldiers and prisoners nothing was seen or heard of them, they keeping themselves closely cloistered, a pall like unto death seemingly hanging over the officers' quarters. Fear was depicted upon the countenance of every one on the island, each looking for his turn next.

Two of the companies were removed to the adjacent islands, thereby being saved from the fever's fearful ravages. Two companies were retained to guard the fort and prisoners. The prisoners had to stand the brunt of the fever, their only safety being in an overruling Providence. Out of the fifty-two prisoners confined there but two died, whereas the garrison lost in officers and men, thirty-seven.

COFFINS AND SICK IN ONE BOAT. Men at first, when taken sick, were carried to the small key termed Sand Key, upon which a small temporary shed had been erected as a hospital, the commanding officer thinking thereby to prevent the garrison from being infected.

Sick patients, seated in a small boat, were conveyed over, confronted by coffins which were piled up in the bow of the boat. This of itself was sufficient to cause alarm, and even to kill the faint-hearted, of whom there were quite a number collected on that small area of seven and a half acres.

With but few exceptions those who were conveyed to the key in the small boat fell victims to the disease, and are buried beneath the sandy soil. When Dr. Mudd was given charge he stated to the commanding officer that it would be advisable to discontinue this practice; that the fever was in our midst, and that it could not be dislodged until the poison had expended itself, advising that all cases be brought to and treated at the hospital. This was acceded to, and, from his manner of treatment in the disease, a great change was soon to be noted.

From this period until the arrival from Key West of Dr. Whitehurst everything was progressing favorably, no more occurring. Dr. Whitehurst, perfectly conversant with the mode of treatment, he having had immense practice in the disease, approved Dr. Mudd's manner of treatment, and it was continued throughout the period the fever raged in our midst. The fever began to assume a more virulent type, and in spite of the untiring exertion of both began to make sad inroads into our numbers.

FEAR MITIGATED CRUELITIES. Every one now thought of self alone. There was no respect shown by the attendants, they being soldier staken from different companies, to either the dead or the dying. No sooner had the breath left the body than it was confined and hurried over to its last resting place, there being a boat, with a crew, detailed as the burying party, always awaiting.

In many instances coffins were brought into the hospital and placed alongside the bed to receive the body of someone expected to die, and had to be removed again, the patient still tenaciously clinging to life.

Men less sick were started viewing these proceedings, it having a tendency to cause their own condition to become worse. During the terrible ordeal of the fever the garrison kept itself, duties being neglected by both officers and soldiers.

During its progress the island assumed a different aspect. The island, which before was more like a place peopled by fiends than anything else it could be compared with, suddenly became calm, quiet and peaceful. Fear stood out upon the face of every human being.

HEROISM OF DR. MUDD. Some attempted to assume the tone of sympathy and indifference, but upon their faces

could be read traces of other feelings. For two months the fever raged in our midst, creating havoc among those dwelling there.

During this time Dr. Mudd was never idle. He worked both day and night, and was always at post, faithful to his calling, relieving the sufferings of humanity as far as lay within his power. The fever having abated through the want of more subjects, a contract physician from New York arrived at the post and relieved Dr. Whitehurst of his duties. When the new doctor took charge there were but two or three sick, and they were in a state of convalescence.

Soon thereafter Dr. Mudd was taken down with the fever in his quarters, and during the entire period of his illness was never visited by the New York doctor, the surgeon in charge, he remaining closeted in his room. The only medical treatment received by Dr. Mudd during his illness was administered at the hands of Spangler and myself. True, neither of us knew much about the disease or its treatment, all the experience either possessed being derived from observation during its prevalence, and the mode of treatment having been learned from personal experience in the nursing of patients under our charge.

Dr. Mudd was watched over by us both day and night in turn. We adopted the same method of treatment in his case as had been administered by him in ours, through which he happily recovered. He stated upon his recovery that he had not been for our care and watchfulness he would have died, and thanked each of us in unmeasured terms for our friendly consideration.

PRISONERS NURSED THEIR JAILORS. Dr. Mudd had worked during the prevalence of the yellow fever with an unflinching zeal, and his nature was well nigh exhausted, relying in every way at his command and knowledge the sufferings of humanity, but when afflicted himself he was left entirely to the mercies of his God and the limited knowledge of his two companions, which fact had the appearance of a curse for his death on the part of those at the head of the treatment in his case.

We felt from the first that we had been transported to Dry Tortugas to fall victims to the many dreadful poisons of malaria generated in that climate. Happily, we lived through it all, and I am permitted to give to the world at large some inkling of the many wrongs, tortures and sufferings inflicted upon us during the period of nearly four long years of exile.

In the month of October, 1867, the fever having exhausted itself and finally stamped out, and with it, to a great extent, the harsh and rigorous measures which had heretofore been adopted in the manner of our imprisonment, some of the privileges which we had taken during its prevalence were curtailed, but for the most part the officers were not countermanded by the new order in command.

The officers who garrisoned the fort at this time, with the exception of two, fell victims to the disease. A Lieutenant recovered alone through the kind care and watchful nursing of the other officers. Col. Grenfell, who remained with him day and night, administering his slightest want.

The officers who died of the disease were confined and borne to their last resting place by the prisoners of the post, no respect being shown by the other officers. Even wives were carried in like manner to the grave, the husband remaining in his quarters.

A NOTARY PUBLIC APPEARS. Everything went on smoothly after the fever until the month of December, 1867, when there arrived upon the island a notary public, bearing a letter from the State of Florida. His business at first was unknown, as it frequently happened that strange came into our midst on a visit to our commanding officer.

His business, however, was soon made known to us. We were ordered separately to his presence, and found he was one of the commissioners appointed by the Congressional committee to investigate into the particulars connected with the assassination of President Lincoln.

Letters were shown us as coming from Benjamin F. Butler authorizing the notary to obtain our signatures for the purpose of being forced into his presence—did not go voluntarily—accompanied by an armed guard.

When I was sent for by him and seated he handed me his credentials to peruse, which I carefully did. I returned them to him, stating that I knew nothing concerning the business he was upon; that a statement of all the facts that I knew of had been in the hands of the Government upon my arrest, and that the Government was perfectly conversant with all the knowledge that I possessed, and from my knowledge I would destroy that which he supposed to be connected therewith, and refused to make any further statement.

MATERIAL AGAINST JOHNSON BOUGHT. I informed him that he was a stranger to me; that he might be as base as those who had already dealt with me; that I did not trust him or any other man stating that a young child dressed the first. He told me to consider it, and I was dismissed and sent to my quarters. After conversing with my roommate over the matter we each arrived at the conclusion that it could do no harm to us, nor the living nor the dead, and concluded to conform to his request.

I called, however, upon the commanding officer, Major George F. Andrews, and stated my intention to him, telling him that I was a prisoner under his charge, and as such demanded his protection. He told me that I should have it, and, thus feeling safe, I gave a statement of similar purport as that first made.

During its writing the notary held out every inducement to cause not only myself, but the others, to swear falsely, stating that if he could implicate any others we could be released from our imprisonment and carried to Washington as witnesses. His aim was about the time of the attempted impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, and his visit alone was to attempt to cause us to falsely implicate Andrew Johnson in the assassination.

THREAT TO SHOOT ARNOLD. There was a great deal of unpleasantness pervading our interviews, and high words followed when he wished me to append my signature to an affidavit drawn up by himself. Throughout my statement he attempted to place his construction upon it, and obliterated my writings, until finally I requested he be informed whether he came to write my statement himself or did he come to obtain mine.

I refused him to sign my affidavit as drawn up by himself, stating that it inferred that of which I knew nothing. He would destroy that which he had written in the room, to which I stated that I would not sign it, and if he was not satisfied with my statement, which he had written and read the interview, that I asked alone for my rights and protection in them from the commanding officer.

Major Andrews immediately rose up and spoke thus: "Sir, I will take you out on the parade ground and shoot you."

I replied: "I am your prisoner, Major; you certainly can do with me as you please, and you deem you have the authority to shoot me, all that is left me, sir, I suppose, is to stand it."

FORCE TO GET SWEEN STATERMENTS. I was not shot, however, neither did I sign my name to the affidavit, but wrote one that suited my way of thinking, also wrote my own statement without the assistance, and in the end complied with his request, giving him my statement. I was quite ill before I had completed it, and was annoyed by this man until he nearly worried me to death, the surgeon repeatedly cautioning him not to visit me in my low condition. He came in spite of all these things, Col. Grenfell writing my express demands for my condition, being such that I was unable to raise my head from my pillow. The same was likewise done to the other, and he left the post much disappointed, as I afterward learned from some of my friends in Key West.

After he had left the post we were informed through reliable authority that he was armed with the power in case we refused to furnish him our statements to place us in solitary confinement and be fed upon bread and water, whereas by his papers exhibited to us he was to obtain our voluntary statements. There was nothing voluntary upon our part throughout the

whole affair, but force in every instance was used and threats made, besides the inducements held out to swear falsely in the premises.

HELL AGAIN FOR THE PRISONERS. Our condition from this time on remained unchanged until March, 1868, when Major Andrews was relieved of command of the post. Brevet Major Col. George St. Leger Grenfell's inveterate enemy, was ordered back to the fort and assumed command. At the same time a new provost marshal was appointed. Between the pair the island became a hell again, they devising measures to make prisoners uncomfortable and imprisonment more galling.

As soon as the new commander assumed the reins of power the tendency to persecute Grenfell became apparent, it having been stated to me by Major Andrews, before departure, that his successor felt every bitter toward Grenfell. The contents of the article published by him, it nearly being the means of his dismissal from the service.

When the provost marshal found prisoners contented and obedient, some new order was issued to awaken them from their apathy, and to make them feel the contemptible men of the garrison, who abused, cursed, struck and maltreated the prisoners under their charge in every conceivable manner.

GRENFELL PLANS TO ESCAPE. Col. Grenfell, finding, as he afterward expressed to me, that they had started upon him to kill him inch by inch, determined to attempt escape at all hazards, preferring, as he said, a watery grave to the indignities imposed upon him.

Grenfell at this time had charge of the small garden lately made within the inclosure of the fort. The Major, on assuming command, relieved Grenfell from this duty, and placed the old man at the provost marshal's disposal. Each day was productive of changes and each change bred a worse condition.

Finding persecution setting gradually in upon him more and more, Grenfell went cautiously to work with others and soon succeeded in making arrangements to escape. There was a soldier by the name of William Norrell who had received very harsh treatment and was anxious to escape. With this man Grenfell formed his plans, in combination with another soldier of the same company.

SAILED AWAY IN THE NIGHT. On the night of March 6, 1868, their plans were completed. Norrell was a sentinel on Post No. 2, guarding the small boats within the boom. At 10 o'clock at night he went on duty, and Grenfell, with three other prisoners, succeeded in eluding the sentinels, making their way to the northwesterly side, leaving their selves down through one of the port-holes into the moat, thence to the break-water wall, where they waited for the appointed rendezvous, arranging all the necessary articles of food and water for their perilous undertaking.

The night was pitch dark and a furious gale raged at the time, which had existed for six consecutive days. Never did men endure a more perilous journey. The white-capped waves rose even within our sheltered harbor to fearful heights, and the boats were tossed about as if they were driven by a giant hand.

The sentinel waited until 11 o'clock was called and then embarked with Grenfell and the others in a small launch, rowed for the purpose, and soon, with sail set, fled from their ocean-bound home. No one was yet outside of our rooming and myself knew anything about it. The hour of 12 arrived, when the sentinel on Post No. 1 cried out the hour. No sound came from Post No. 2. A gale of wind set in, and yet no sound from Post No. 2.

DISAPPEARED OVER THE SEA. The corporal, with a witness, advanced stealthily upon the post, expecting, no doubt, to find the sentinel asleep, a subject for court-martial. Behold his amazement when no sentinel could be found. He forthwith returned to the guardhouse, reported the fact to the officer of the day. Soon there was a commotion and a search for the missing man, and then to the prisoners' quarters in search, being assured that an escape had taken place.

After diligent search it was found that Grenfell and others were missing, and on looking into the moat they realized the means of accomplishing it. Norrell had deserted his post, carrying his gun and equipment with him.

Everything remained quiet during the remainder of the night, but the next morning the fort was all bustle and preparation for pursuit. There were several men lying in the harbor at the time, the commander of which readily consented to go on the search, and about 8 o'clock he came out after the escapees. After cruising nearly the entire day they failed to hear or see anything of the escaped party and the steamer returned into the harbor again.

To be continued to-morrow.

"GENERAL PEANUTS" IS DEAD.

Two-foot Circus Clown and No One Knows His Right Name.

The police of the East Twenty-second street station called upon the Coroner's office yesterday afternoon in a hurry to report a sudden death at 207 East Fourteenth street.

"Go ahead," said Record Clerk John Murray.

"At 130 o'clock this afternoon," came a voice, "General Peanuts—"

"Hold up, hold up, I can't catch that name."

"At 130 o'clock this afternoon General Peanuts, aged 28, died suddenly at 207 East Fourteenth street," repeated the voice from the police station.

"Oh, come off, don't be fooling," said Murray.

"That's the only name the dead man is known by and I'll spell it for you—G-e-n-e-r-a-l-P-e-a-n-u-t-s."

"Well, if you say so it goes," grumbled Murray.

"Gen. Peanuts" had travelled for a number of years with Barnum's circus, but lately had been with Forepaugh & Sells. He was only 2 feet 1 inch high and appeared as a midget performer. He left the circus in New Orleans a month ago.

He was seen about 11 o'clock yesterday morning by Charles Morrison, a waiter who manages the house. Mr. Morrison went to the midget's room later and found him dead. An ambulance was called, and the death was probably due to heart disease.

It is thought that Oakley knows "Gen. Peanuts" right name. He has been entrusted to and will, it is said, take charge of the funeral arrangements.

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS' BALL.

A Brilliant Function at Delmonico's Under the Stars and Bars.

The New York Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, gave a brilliant reception and ball last night at Delmonico's.

The guests were received by the president, Mrs. J. H. Parker, assisted by the former president, Mrs. E. S. Gaillard. A large silk Confederate flag, presented to the chapter by Mrs. Parker, with the understanding that it should always be hung beneath the American flag, was draped over where she stood in the ballroom.

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STREET RAILWAY DEAL.

SYRACUSE COMPANY Gets Control of the

Oswego Traction Company.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 17.—W. P. Gannon,

president, and E. G. Connet, manager,

of the Syracuse Rapid Transit Railway

Company, returned from New York to-day

and announced that they had closed a deal

with C. Sidney Shepard for the street rail-

way system of Oswego, operated by the

Oswego Traction Company. The deal is

important because of its bearing on the

fight between the Syracuse Rapid Transit

Company and the Lake Side and Baldwin-

ville Railway Company for franchise rights

between Syracuse and Oswego, both com-

panies desiring to build a road between

Syracuse and Oswego.

The purchase includes all of the first-

mortgage bonds of the Oswego company

and all but 10 per cent. of the capital stock

and second-mortgage bonds. The con-

tract calls for the first mortgage bonds to \$50,000,

the second-mortgage bonds to \$100,000, out-

standing. The company operates eleven

and one-half miles of railway, including

all in Oswego, with lines running out to

Beach Oswego and Minetta.

Stalled on Frozen Milk.

One of the Borden condensed milk com-

pany's wagons overturned in Jersey City

yesterday morning when the horses ran

away. The milk froze in the gutter and

made a good-sized skating pond. Several

horses later a number of small boys with

sleds enjoyed themselves coasting "billy

flop-pers" on frozen milk.

PUBLICATIONS.